

Variety.

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

Some time during the year, 1815, Mr. Losley, of Georgia, the son of a gentleman of moderate circumstances, was married to Miss Mary Lanning, a lady of some accomplishments and great personal beauty. A few months after their union, it became evident that they would have to gain a support by their actual labor; and it was certain that in Georgia they could not do more than to obtain a mere subsistence. It was thought best that Mr. Losley should travel into some new country, get a place where, make some little improvement and, then return to carry out his companion.

Mr. L. travelled to the state of Kentucky, and was about contracting for a piece of land in the neighborhood of where the town of H. is now built. He availed himself of the first opportunity of writing a few lines to his companion. This letter never reached the beloved object for whom it was intended—but fell into the hands of one, with whom Mr. Losley had been a competitor. An answer came—but not from Mrs. Losley, but apparently from her father, with whom he had left her during his absence.

"Dear Son: Your wife took sick about a week after your departure. At first we did not entertain fears concerning her. After some days her brain became affected as she lost her reason, and while in this situation she called every person who was in attendance on her and came to see her, "Henry?" A short time before her death she came to herself and seemed to have one desire to live, which was to see you! And her last sentence was, "oh, my dear Henry!" And shall I say him no more in this life? And breathed her last."

On the reception of this letter, Mr. Losley became almost desperate. His whole amount of earthly goods seemed to be cut off at one stroke. He made several attempts to answer the letter, but found it impossible to write on such a painful subject. He became a solitary man—being in a land of strangers—and had no person to whom he could unbosom himself; and though grief is fond of company, yet he had to share his alone. The thought of returning to the place where he had so often beheld the fair face and lovely form of his now lost Mary, without being able to see her, he could not bear; and having left but little behind, gave his companion, that was of any consequence to him, he gave up the idea of returning. Neither had he any disposition to settle himself, and finding that he could sustain his grief better when travelling than in any other way, he joined himself to a company of fur traders, and shaped his course to the Rocky Mountains. He passed nearly two years among the North Western Indians. The hardships he endured, the dangers through which he passed, all had a tendency to call his mind from former sorrows, and by the time he had returned to Missouri, he had in some degree obtained his former cheerfulness. The trials of years at length were away his grief, and finding at least an object on which he could place his affections, he again married. From the time that he left his companion in Georgia till he married his second wife, it was about five years.

But what shall we say about Mrs. Losley, for strange to tell, she yet lived! Weeks, months and years passed by, but has brought her no tidings of her husband. Post offices were examined, but no letter came. His name was looked for in the public prints, but could not be found. Travellers were inquired of, but to no avail! Not a word could she hear of him. At length she gave him up as dead and conceived of his death in many ways.

After a lapse of seven long years and more; after the departure of Mr. Losley, Mr. Starks offered his hand in marriage to Mrs. Losley; and as that he was firmly believed by herself—she said that he was dead, she accepted.

At this time Mr. Losley was living with his second wife in the state of Missouri, where he continued to live for something like eighteen years. About fourteen years after his marriage his second wife died—and he was left with two children, a son and daughter. The daughter was the eldest and took charge of her father's house—but in little more than three years after the death of her mother, she married and moved to North Alabama, and her father and brother went with her.

In the mean time Mrs. Starks had lost her husband and father, had living but one child, and that a little daughter, she removed to North Alabama also, to live with an aged uncle, who was living in that part of the country; so that Mr. Losley and Mrs. Starks became neighbors; and they became acquainted with each other as Colonel Losley (this time) had obtained when among the fur traders) and Mrs. Starks. They formed an attachment for each other, and Colonel Losley eventually offered his hand in marriage, which she accepted! It is to be observed that during the whole of their intercourse they took great care never to mention any circumstance connecting itself with their first marriage, and both passed as having been married but once—they had both been very cautious on this subject that the slightest trace of their former acquaintance was not discovered until the night before the marriage was to have been solemnized.

The night before marriage, as they were conversing alone, the Colonel remarked that he expected to be little frightened on the next evening—saying with him, the older the worse; for said he, "when I married the first time, I was not so much embarrassed as when I married the last!" To which Mrs. Starks replied by saying: "You have been married twice it seems!" The Colonel tried at first to change the subject of the conversation, but soon found that would not do; and knowing it would have to come out, sooner or later, he went into a detail of all the circumstances connected with his first marriage giving name and date? This was a subject on which the Colonel was eloquent. At length, looking upon his intended bride, he saw that she had taken more than usual interest in the relation he had been making. He then broke the silence by saying, "you must forgive me for the kind remembrance I bear for the beloved companion of my youth!" While he was uttering this sentence, Mrs. Starks swooned away, and would have fallen from her seat had not the Colonel supported her. While she lay in this deathlike state, many were the reflections which passed through the mind of the Colonel. First supposing that as he had for a time kept this secret from her, and at last divulged it without intending to do so, it might have a tendency to destroy her confidence in him, or cause her to fear that his affections were so much placed upon the memory of his first wife that it would be impossible for him to respect her as he ought; these and

many other thoughts of a like kind rushed through his mind, and he but awaited the power of attorney on the part of Mrs. Starks to bear her to name him forever.—But oh! what were his fears! No sooner was she rescued from her swoon than she threw her arms around his neck, and resting her head upon his bosom, sobbed like a child crying out, "Oh! my husband." The Colonel being much astonished, inquiry rather hastily what she meant, with her hands still resting on his shoulders—with a countenance bearing with joy and suffused with tears—she exclaimed with a half choked utterance, "I am your long lost Mary; and you are my Henry, whom I mourned as dead for these twenty years!"

The joy thus became mutual. That night and the next day were spent in relating circumstances which transpired with them during their separation and admiring the Providence that brought them together. On the next evening those tidings of the marriage attended. The parson came, but there was no service for him to render.—The transported couple informed the assembly that they had been lawfully married upwards of twenty years before, and gave a brief outline of their history and entered into the hilarity of the evening with a degree of cheerfulness unusual to them both.—Geo. Seated.

INDIAN MOUNDS.

I never at any time approached the Indian mounds, those relics of a people and of a time of which no recollection or tradition has been preserved, without interest and feeling. That the hands that reared them should long ago have mingled with the clay of which they formed these simple, but enduring monuments excites no wonder; generation departs after generation—one dynasty follows another—one nation perishes, and its place is filled by another; but it is seldom that all memory, all tradition is lost of a people. A name alone may remain, without any other distinctive feature, but that is yet a name, and under it the existence of a distinct division of the human race may yet stand recorded in the book of the world's history. But here, on this vast continent, dispersed over a great extent of territory, you find the relics of an utterly forgotten race. They must have been a numerous one, for the magnitudes of the works they have left behind them attest it. You see mounds raised upon the rich level plains of the west, which will ever remain a marvel. They must have attained to a certain degree of civilization and secondary habitation, superior to the races whom the present age has seen in turn displaced by those of our own hue and blood;—they were more civilized, more powerful, more enlightened than the Indian races of our day. We read this truth in the vestiges of their towns and fortifications, and the lands once cultivated by them; yet it is in vain you try to learn the secret of their deeds;—time of existence of history. You dig into their places of sepulture—you handle their bones;—but they are silent and tell you nothing; and the utensils, that you find only show you that they were belligerous, and however powerful, simple in their habits.

Man is less perfect for the time being, and subject to greater vicissitudes than even the birds of the air and the beasts of the fields, whom he affects to govern and despise. And this is impressed on my mind as I listen to the song of these ancient birds. Their voices yet abroad in the land of things forgotten tribes, at this moment singing the same sweet strain as rung through the oak groves two thousand years ago! They have not forgotten the lessons taught the priests of their race in Paradise. God has stamped them with the species of perfection, for which he designed them, and they have not departed from it. Their kind has suffered no vicissitudes—they have probably neither degenerated, nor attained greater perfection in any respect since the day of their creation.

Caroled, and nestled, and paired, from generation to generation; fulfilling the end for which they were apparently created; while race after race of human beings has arisen and passed away, and the earth has been alternately filled and deserted by individuals perfect in nothing. Without the certainty of immortality, and the sweet hope of being restored, through God's mercy, to that estate from which we have fallen, might we not be well tempted to despair.—*Lattrobe's travels in America.*

ANECDOTE OF DR. YOUNG. As the Doctor was walking in his garden, at Weisw, in company with two ladies, one of whom he afterwards married, a servant came to tell him a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," says the Doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron and his friend. As persuasions, however, had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other the left, and led him to the garden gate; when, finding resistance was vain, he bowed, laid his right hand on his heart, and in this expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:

Thus Adam looked when from the garden w^{as}—
And thus didst thou leave me from Heaven,
I beseeche, but let me go with thee,
Like him I go; for angels drive us both.

Hard was his fate; but mine still more unkind,
He left me with him, but mine stays behind.

AN EXAMPLE FOR LAWYERS. Charnier, Comptroller General of the Finances in the reign of Louis XIV, had been a celebrated pleader. He once lost a cause in which he was concerned through his excessive fondness for billiards. His client called on him the day after, in extreme affliction, and told him that if he had made use of a document which had been put into his hands, but which he had neglected to examine, a verdict would have been given in his favor. Charnier read it, and found it of decisive importance to his cause. "You sued the defendant," said he, "for 20,000 livres. You have failed through my inadvertence. It is my duty to do you justice. Call on me in two days." In the mean time Charnier procured the money, and paid it to his client, on no other condition than that he would keep the transaction a secret.

A slight sprinkling of ashes upon the sea before every door, would prevent many an unfortunate wight from kissing his mother earth against his will. *Paulatius Gassett.*

He would be a very clever wight, who could contrive to kiss his mother earth, just now in Boston.

He would have to dig through a confounded deal of ice and snow first.—*Boston Transcript.*

True goodness is not merely a thing of words and opinions, but a living principle, brought into every action of a man's life,

LAST CALL,
In this way—absolutely.

THE subscriber has repeatedly, in this gentle manner, declared that "she wants money and must have it," as Bonaparte said in another case. And now, unless this call is duly and immediately regarded, he must delegate some one to call "By the authority of the State of Vermont, Greeting, &c.

ALANSON DYER.
Rutland, Feb. 29, 1836. 19

NOTICE.

THE copartnership heretofore existing between John Snell & Emerson Whitney, under the name of Snell & Whitney, is this day dissolved.

The Blacksmithing business will be continued by the subscriber.

EMERSON WHITNEY.
Rutland, Feb. 27, 1836.

N. B. An apprentice wanted at the above business by said Whitney. A smart lad of 17 or 18 years of age with industrious and steady habits will be required.

Rutland, Feb. 22, 1836. 19

BLACK RIVER ACADEMY.

THE Spring Term of this Institution will commence on Monday, the last day of February, last. Instruction will be given as usual in the common and higher English studies, in the Latin, Greek and French Languages; Music, Drawing, &c. It is important that students wishing to become members of the Institution should enter at the commencement of the term.

Mrs. N. N. WOOD, A. E. Principal,
Miss S. M. GRIGGS, Preceptor.
A. HAVEN, in behalf of the Board,
Ludlow, Feb. 13, 1836.

CONSUMPTION!

DR. BELFEE'S ASTHMATIC PILLS,

HE AVE, from their extraordinary success in giving relief in consumption, and in curing Colds, Coughs, Asthma, difficulty of Breathing, Wheezing, Tightness of the Chest, Pain in the side, Spasms of Blood, Chills and Shivers, that prove Cures and Long Complaints generally; being one of the most popular medicines known, and are sought after from every part of the country, on account of the astonishing success which has attended their administration in the above complaints, frequently curing the most obstinate cases, and giving the most unexpected relief. After many other remedies had failed, and persons had given themselves up to despair of cure.

They have been however more successful in giving relief in consumption, and in curing consumption, than any other medicine.

And now by the blessing of every effort of their Bill, we are enabled to give the public an account of the success of their medicine, especially to get rid of the difficulties of consumption, and to give the public a positive counter to every expected remedy.

The operation of the pills is wonderful in curing consumption, quieting the cough, and preserving comfortable rest.

Common colds are frequently removed in a few hours. Although 6 p. m. per os, of these pills, may be tried various mixtures of the first cathartics, for an asthmatic disorder, (or affection of the lungs) which at times becomes directly distressing, causing her to have fits for days and weeks together, she finds nothing else to relieve her of the relief which *baffles Asthmatic Puffball*—curing her reputation quieting her cough, and giving her a general sense of comfort.

And this is the testimony of hundreds of thousands of persons.

A Physician informs the proprietor, that a gentleman in this country, after the loss of his wife, and unable to believe the use of the pills, he sent a number of boxes to him.

Pills, whole or split, 12cts. 14cts. 16cts. 20cts.

DUMFRIE'S

EYE-WATER?

YOU are an induced Eye-water known by this name, which is more easily said. When the owner has been of exceeding, and in some exceeding, but safe, the most unexpected and desirable relief has been to the use of this EYE-WATER, after every other remedy had failed.

Persons who have used, pronounce it, without hesitation, the best preparation for this complaint they have ever met with.

Price 25 cents a bottle.

12th Some are genuine unless signed T. KIDDER, in the wrapper, *late proprietor and successor to Dr. COX* (as was) by whom they are sold, at his Counting Room, No. 92, Court St., Boston, and by his special appointment, DANIELS & BELL, Rutland; LESTER LEWIS, Wells Adams, Warner & Co., Ludlow, No. 2.

Feb. 29, 1836.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION!

TO PERSONS AFFLICTED WITH THE FOLLOWING COMPLAINTS, VIZ:

Scarfula, Scars, Foul Fettering Eruption,

Salt Rheum, Peopled & Carbuncled faces

St. Anthony's Fire, Sore Eyes,

Fever Sores, even when the Sore Legs,

hives are affected, Scald-head,

White Sores, Ulcers,

Foul Eruptions after-meal, General Tainture, when Mercury has failed

and all disorders arising from an impure state of the Blood and Humors are cured by it.

DR. BELFEE'S

BOTANICAL DROPS!

Continue illustrated, in the previous edition, and ears of these complaints, a proof of which, read the following:

1st Remarkable ease of a case of 42 years standing:

Extract of a letter. Sir—My legs, which before did not look like human legs, are now entirely healed up, after taking every other application for 12 years! Previous to taking my Dr. Belfee's Botanical Drops, I had given up all hope of recovery.

Another Case. At Agent writes—"There is a person taking the Botanical Drops, evidently with the greatest advantage." He declares, to use his own words, "it does wonders for him," and, as it were, "miracles him from the grave."

Numerous instances have occurred where persons were pulled away a miserable existence, nothing that they could procure altered their permanent relief, until they made use of the above invaluable medicine.

They are also the best Spring and Autumnal Physician, Price \$1, or 6 bottles for \$6.

DUNFRIES REMEDY FOR

THE PILES.

ONE of the best and most thoroughly remedial known for this troublesome complaint. It has more perfectly answered the use for which it was intended than any other now in common use, and wholly prevents and removes all complaints, both of the disorder itself, and its accompanying symptoms of pain in the bowels, rectum, bladder, loss of appetite, congestion, and other works of nature.

12th Price \$1 for both articles—Ointment and Electro-

ly—50 cents when less is wanted.

12th Some are genuine unless signed T. KIDDER, in the wrapper, *late proprietor and successor to Dr. COX*, by whom they are sold, at his Counting Room, No. 92, Court St., Boston, and by his special appointment, DANIELS & BELL, Rutland; LESTER LEWIS, Wells Adams, Warner & Co., Ludlow, No. 1.

Feb. 2, 1836.

STOVES, &c.

THE Subscribers have for sale at their furnaces, in Clarendon, Cooking, Parlor and Box Stoves, Potash, Kettles, Calrons, and Pig Iron—all of which will be sold low for cash or on credit.

Having purchased the most of his goods at auction and by the package, and being situated on the lake shore where he is at a very trifling expense in getting his goods from Market—he feels a confidence in saying that he will sell Goods as low, or lower than any merchant in the State. He would invite his friends and the public generally to call and see for themselves.

Storing and forwarding promptly attended to, and done on the lowest terms.

N. B. The highest prices paid for Sheep's Pelts.

Orwell, Oct. 19, 1835.

TROY FLOUR.

DANIELS & BELL, have for sale TROY SUPERFINE FLOUR.

Rutland, Feb. 9, 1836.

NOVA-SCOTIA PLASTER.

DANIELS & BELL, have for sale NOVA-SCOTIA PLASTER.

Rutland, Feb.